

INDIANS AT • WORK



SPECIAL CHILDRENS' NUMBER
BY INDIAN CHILDREN

• OFFICE • OF • INDIAN • AFFAIRS •
WASHINGTON, D. C.

I N D I A N S A T W O R K
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BUFFALO HUNT



By Velino Herrera



• INDIANS • AT • WORK •

A News Sheet for Indians
and the Indian Service

THE SPECIAL CHILDREN'S NUMBER

Written by Indian Children

This number of INDIANS AT WORK is a special children's number. It is written entirely by Indian children. Children from every part of the country have contributed to it. Alaska has not been left out and Oklahoma is present. This book is a partial record of the genius inherent in many of the Indian children. The book begins with two pages of a school paper, of the Southern Navajo Boarding School, written by very little children, a charming and naive account of school activities and of how they worked to buy their rabbit.

It ends with a legend of the Lone Wolf, written by Bruno Goodiron, a boy in the ninth grade in the Pierre Indian School, North Dakota. No one could have written a story better than this. This legend came from a book of pictographs of Indian legends, one of which is reproduced in this issue. One might reproduce them all, so delightful are they, so full of witty conceit, so charmingly executed.

The aim of this issue has been to cover all activities of Indian children. They have written of their food and of the wild things which they have picked to eat. They have written of their dances, and of their cere-

monies. They have written poems about the things that have passed under eyes: clouds, ponds, prairie-dogs, of themselves. They have written delightful pieces about their pets. There are many Indian schools which have the practice of having pets and whose pupils watch the development of the animals. Delightful books are sent into the Indian Office which tell, in naive and charming prose, and through photographs, the raising of a brood of chickens. Other books come in hand written, and illustrated marginally, telling, perhaps of pottery making, or the creation of a playhouse by a group of boys.

There are pieces about tribal customs, home duties, vacations. And from all of these there emanates an Indian way of life, a closeness to nature, a nearness to growing things and to living things. In this number no unusual compositions have been picked out; the difficulty was to choose adequately from the richness of the material. So charming, and so delightful were many of the school papers written by the younger grades, that one could have wished to have made a primer from them, so clearly did they reflect the thoughts passing through a child's mind, so naively did they picture the things that interested them.

There was for instance a full book which was called, "A Year in Shoshone Land." If this book could be published as it was written, all the white children in America would read it with delight. It is a record of how the Indian children in Shoshone live and think. It is the group product of the Shoshone school. Boys and girls contributed articles on every phase of life in summer and winter. The Shoshone live in the mountains of Wyoming. How they live, what their amusements are, the important ceremonies of the Sun Dance, the great event of the year which occurs in early August, are all

reflected from this book's pages. It was illustrated by the children. In this issue of Indians at Work, only a few of these pieces could be used.

Most Indian children are poor. They come more often than not, from meager homes. They have certain riches, however. A prodigal sense of design, a sense of color and of rhythm is theirs by right. Testimony of this comes to the Indian office, from children from every part of the country. Rich is the testimony of the Pueblos; astonishing in their variety and fertility, are the drawings of the young artists of the Santa Fe School. What arrests the attention after the study of the writings of the Indian children, and their drawings, and their paintings is that they are not derivative. In their expression they are Indian. Expressing a culture old and yet new, having its roots in a deep racial stream, but pushing forth fresh branches and flowers.

COLLECTION OF PICTURES BY STUDENT ARTISTS AND SCENES OF CRAFT ACTIVITIES



Southern Navajo Boarding School
Fort Defiance, Arizona.



Sept. 19 - 23

We have 38 boys and girls in our grade.

Miss Dillon came to see us to-day. She said "Hello Louis Randolph, what are you doing over here?"

We think Miss Dillon thought Louis should be in the Kindergarten.

Sept. 26 - 30

Henry Dashney has been sick this week.

We learned a new singing game.

We like to play games outside.

We went to the park and got some green and yellow leaves.

We made some trees with the leaves falling from them.

Oct. 3 - 7

Posted Weekly
Mother - Mary Gate-wood.

Nurse - Bessie Cleveland.

One girl each week is the mother of the playhouse.

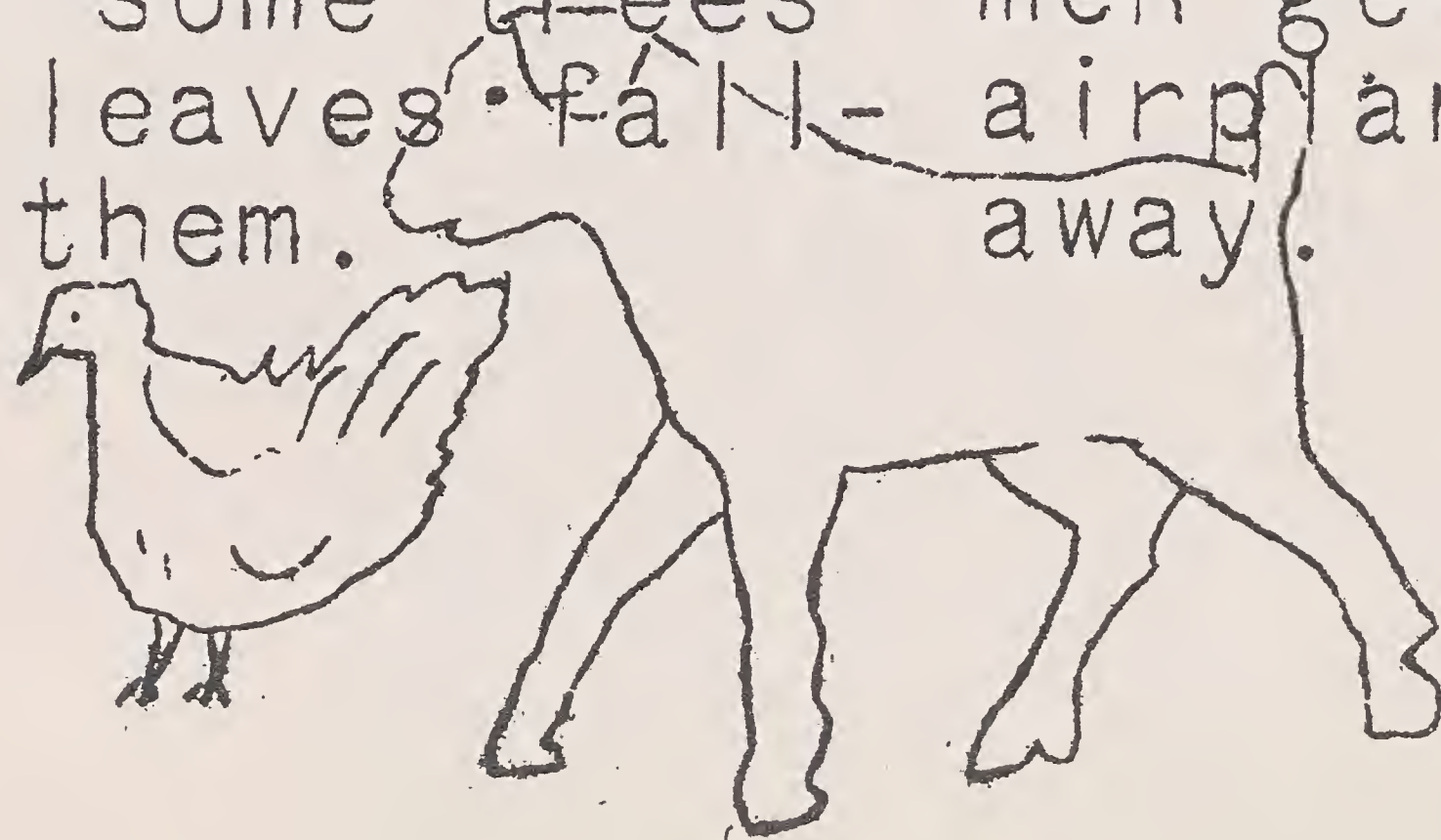
One girl each week is the nurse for the dolls

The mother calls the nurse if the dolls are sick.

The nurse gives orange juice to the sick dolls.

Oct. 10 - 14

We saw an air plane Sunday. We saw it on the ground. It was red and orange. We saw three men get into the airplane. It flew away.



Oct. 17 - 21

Toy Sale.

We are making toys to sell.

We are going to buy a rabbit. Then he will belong to us.

We shall feed and take care of our rabbit.

Things we have to do-

Make toy animals-
dogs, cats, turkeys,
chickens, horses,
cows, sheep, ducks,
goats, rabbits, and
dolls.

Oct. 24 - 28

Henry Billy and
Joe Benally have
finished two toys.
They are now ready
for painting.

Howard Tsosie is
very busy working on
his hen and chickens.

Oct. 31 - Nov. 4

We had a Halloween
party in our school-
room Monday.

We had apples and
pumpkin pie.

We had horns and
whistles to blow.

We had a good time
at the party.

Nov. - 7 - 11

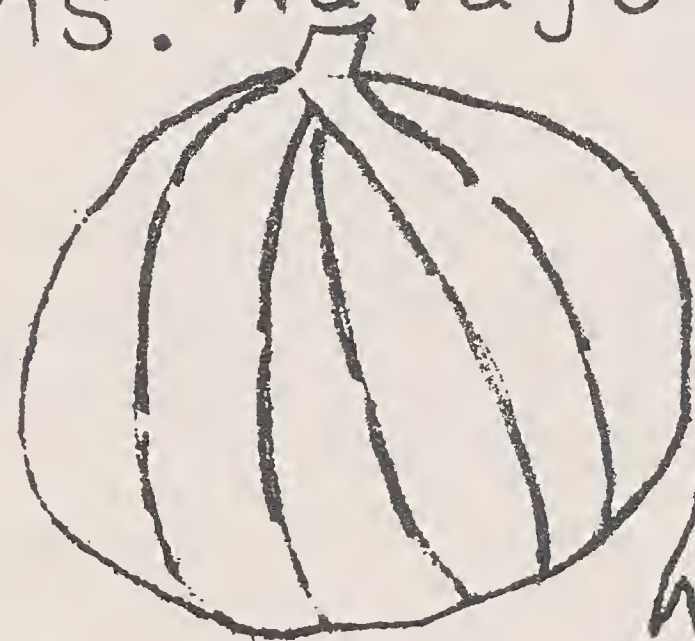
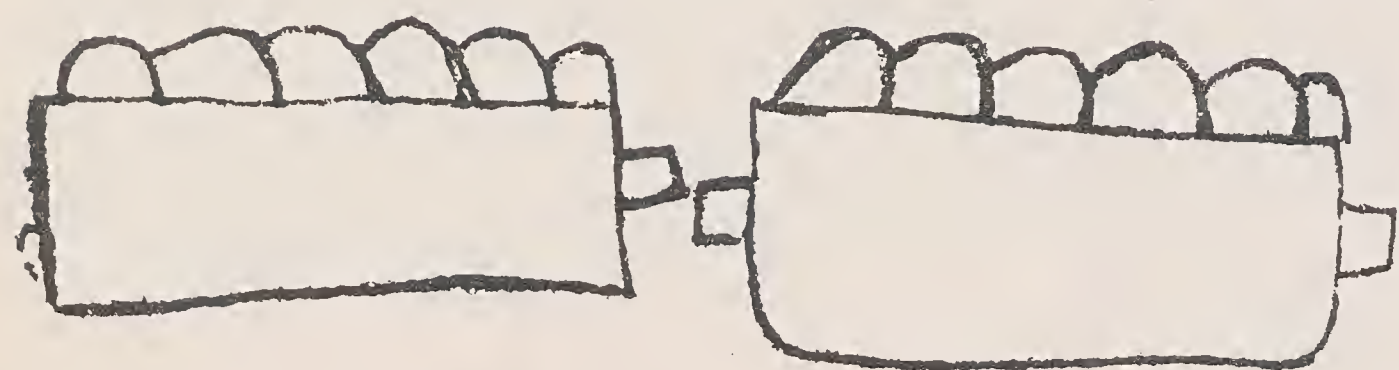
We went to the
picture show Satur-
day night. It was a
"Talkie".

We laughed very
much.

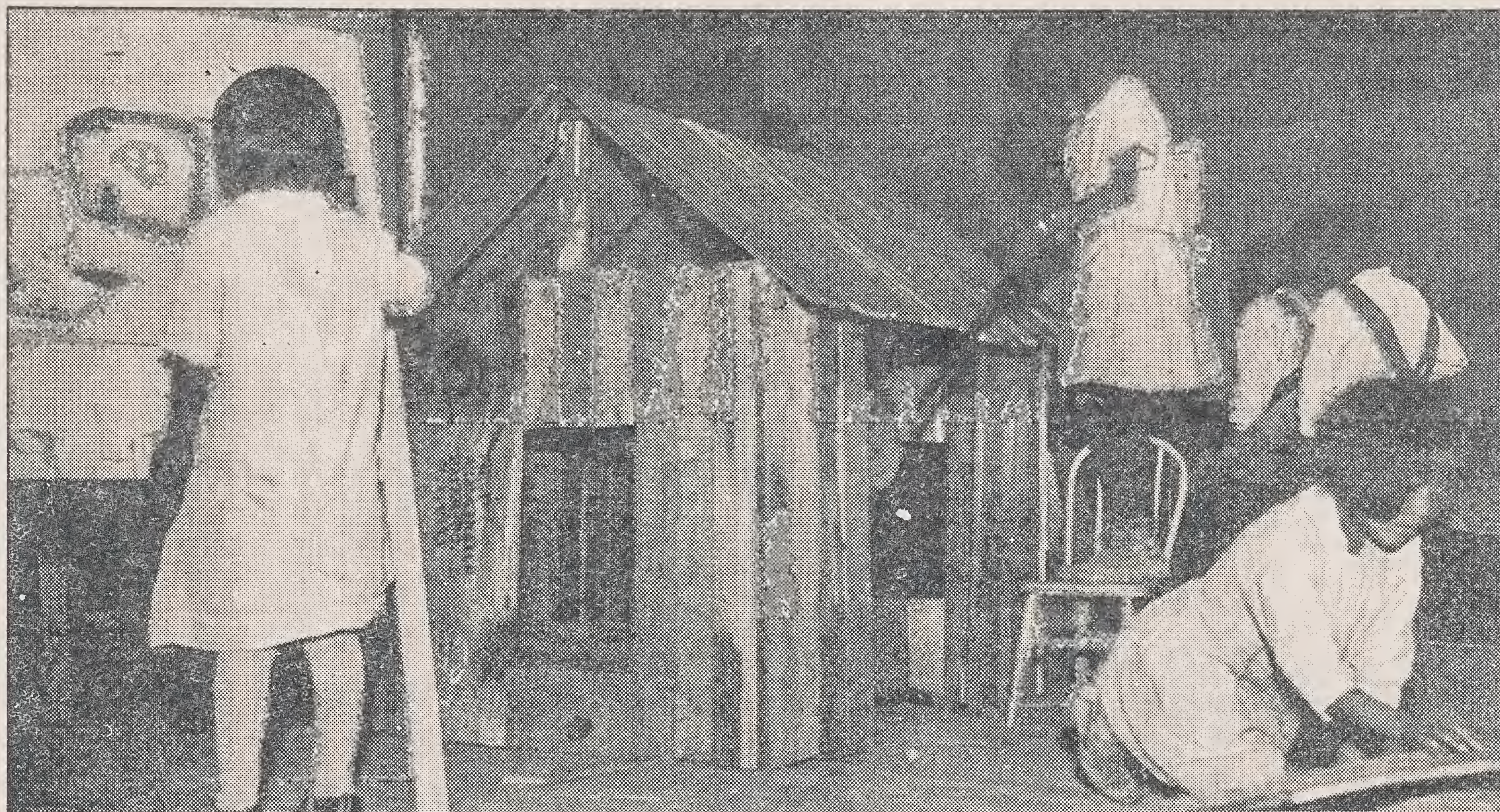
Louis Randolph,
Howard Tsosie and
Robert Wallie have
had their hair clip-
ped.

Nov. 14 - 18

The girls are very
busy making their
Navajo dolls.



CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES. BUILDING A VILLAGE, ACOMITA DAY SCHOOL



SAND TABLE REPRODUCTION OF NAVAJO LIFE, LEUPP SCHOOL, GRADE FOUR



HOME Geography
4th Grade

INDIAN FOODS

Primary children of the Yuma Day School developed these stories for a book about their foods:

Fish

Indians like to eat fish.
The Colorado River has many fish.
Indians catch the fish with hooks.
Indians bake the fish.

Turkey

Many wild turkeys once lived here.
The Indians ate the turkeys.
The Indians killed them with bows
and arrows.
Indians raise turkeys now.
The turkeys are big birds.

Melons

Indians eat many water-melons.
Indians like to eat water-melons.
Water-melons grow in the summer.
Indians bury the melons in the
ground.
They stay in the ground for winter.
They will stay good in the ground.

Cat-tails

"Cat-tails" grow near the water.
They grow tall.
Indians take the seed off the "cat-
tails"
They cook the seed into mush.
It is good mush.

Corn

Indians eat corn.
Indians ate corn long ago.
Indians taught the white people to
eat corn.
Indians grind the corn into meal.
They make bread out of the meal.

Mesquite Beans

The Indians eat mesquite beans.
They pick the beans from the mesquite
trees.
They shell the beans.
They grind the beans into meal.
They cook the meal like bread.
The beans are good.

The fifth and sixth grade Sioux children of the Rosebud Boarding School wrote these stories of Indian food, drink, perfume and other subjects:

Wild Turnips

The Sioux Indians dig wild tur-
nips from the sides of hills. After

they dig as many as they can, they
take these and braid the stems.

They then put them away until winter comes. They then boil them with

soup. This is very good. Irene Bear Looks Back.

Rosebud Tea

The Indians make a tea out of the roots of the rose plants. The roots of this plant are dried and then they are boiled. This does not have a good flavor, but it is

good to drink. If one uses plants that grow wild it does not cost any money. It would be a good thing if people could change to olden times if they wish to save money. Benjamin Knife.

Indian Perfume

The Indians make their perfume a little different than white people. They hunt for sweet grass, gray grass and alfalfa grass. These are boiled together. After these are boiled down until the mixture is very thick then they dry this in the

sun. After it is good and dry they place it on a board and take a hammer and pound it until it looks like sawdust. This is now good perfume. This is placed on clothing and in shirt pockets and other places to make things smell sweet. Menetto McLain.

Cedar Bark

Sometimes my grandmother goes into the woods and gets some cedar bark. Then she boils this and makes

a coffee from it. It is rather good. I have also tasted coffee made out of berries. Ellen Wright.

* * * *

The Whiteriver School newspaper contained the following stories by Junior High School girls under the title "Wild Foods the Apaches Like to Eat":

Sunflower Seeds - Na-Chee

The seeds of the sunflower are found on the top and in the middle of the sunflower. We gather the seeds when the leaves and the flower are dead. In the fall is a good time to gather the seeds of the sunflower.

When we have the seeds clean we roast as many of them as we need.

After the seeds are roasted we put them in a pan until they are cool. Now get as much corn as you want to roast and roast it. Then take the grinding stone and grind them together until you have ground them well. Add some salt to the seeds and corn, mix it altogether. Now it is ready to eat. It tastes like cornbread. Velva Manuel.

Walnuts - Chedeya

The walnuts are found near rivers. They grow on the walnut trees. They are as big as prunes. We wash the walnuts before we use them. When they are well washed we get two flat rocks and then pound the wal-

nuts very well. When we have finished, we put them in a dish and add some water and salt. We take all the shells out and drink only the juice. It tastes very good. Fleeta Cosay.

Mescal - Na da

We find mescal on the mountains. We use a sharp tool to cut it. We must be careful when we cut mescal so the thorns will not get in our hands. When we finish cutting the mescal we put it in one pile. Then we have to carry it on the donkey where it is going to be roasted.

Next we gather the rocks and

heat them, then we dig a hole in the ground. Now we put the mescal in the hole and cover it with the hot rocks and dirt on top. Then start a fire. Leave it there for two days and nights. Now we dig it out again to see if it has been roasted or burned. But sometimes we find that it has been roasted well, so we carry it to our camp. When we eat mescal it tastes like coffee. Lucy Smith.

Cedar Berries

Cedar berries are found on cedar trees. First we gather the berries. When we are ready to cook the berries we wash them, then put them in a small can and put some water in the can. Next set the can near the fire and let the berries boil. When the berries are soft we

put them in a dish to cool.

Cedar berries are sweet but sometimes they are sour. They taste something like raisins and are nearly the same size. The Indian name for cedar berries is Del-la-ly. Eliza Sanchez.

The recipe for wasna is from a book by primary grade children at Heart Butte Day School (Blackfeet) written by Margaret Calf Robe, third grade.

Cherry Cakes (Wasna)

Put some cherries on a flat rock. Pound them with a round rock then make flat cakes. Dry them in

the sun. In the winter, soak the cakes in water. Boil about ten minutes, put in some sugar, stir.

CHILD DANCERS



Deer Dance, San Juan Grade Two



Eagle Dancers, Jemez School, Ages Two-
And One-Half To Eight Years



Wolf Dancers, Shoshone Day
School

INDIAN DANCES

FROM A BOOK ENTITLED "BLACKFEET STORIES", HEART BUTTE DAY SCHOOL, INTERMEDIATE GRADES:

The Grass Dance

The dancers dress up in pretty costumes. The drummers drum and sing. The men and boys dance around them. The drummers drum and sing four times. The dancers dance four times for each dance. Henry Williamson.

When the men and boys dance the Grass Dance they use porcupine tails for head dresses. Some of them have horse tails on their feet. Some have bells on their ankles and waist. The bells help them to keep time with the drum. Tom Marceau.

In the Grass Dance they dress up in buckskin and go to the dance. They have feathers on their heads. Little boys dance too. They have prize dances. The one that can dance the best gets the prize. This year a little boy won the prize. Elizabeth Hall.

FROM A PAPER ENTITLED "THE NAMBE DRAGON", NAMBE DAY SCHOOL, NAMBE, NEW MEXICO:

The Buffalo Dance

January 6th, the Nambe Indians danced Buffalo Dance. The dancers were all dressed very pretty. The men had buffalo heads on. They wore moccasins and wagis, too. The women looked very pretty, too. They

wore pretty mantas and dance moccasins. Ada Mirabal looked very nice with her long hair.

Three men sang songs for the dancers. They were Antonio Talache, Augustine Vigil and Salvador Garcia. They played the tombays, too.

It rained very hard that day but the dancers danced anyhow. Miss Tubbs danced for the first time. Mrs. Ada Mirabal tied a ribbon on Miss Tubbs. So Miss Tubbs will make another dance on January 20th.

Turtle Dance

The men made up an Indian dance on January 20th. They danced Turtle Dance.

The dancers dressed very pretty. They wore wagis. They had turtle shells on their legs. They had green hemlock around their necks. They wore moccasins.

They danced to their own singing.

The clown came out while they were dancing. He was dressed very funny. He wore a funny little hat. He wore old clothes. He had a string of doughnuts, apples and oranges around his neck. The clown made the little boys in the pueblo and three boys from the school dance.

The clown made all the people laugh he was so funny. He went to the houses and brought coffee to the dancers. They liked the hot coffee because the weather was cold.

FROM A PAPER ENTITLED "NAVAJO
STORIES", BY THIRD GRADE NAVAJO
CHILDREN, WESTERN NAVAJO SCHOOL:

Last summer I went to the Squaw
Dance with my mother and father. I
had two ponies. I rode one of my
ponies to the dance. Many, many men
were there. Many horses stood to-
gether. I was glad to be there.
The men began to sing. Then the
girls began to pull the men into the
dance. They went round and round.
Soon the men got tired. They paid
the girls to let them go. Harry
Long.



Dancers From Oglala

FROM TAOS, SECOND GRADE:

Eagle Dance

I made this picture of the eagle
dance.
Two men dance this dance.
They try to look like the eagle.
They put feathers on their arms.
That is for the wings.
They put feathers on the back of the
skirt.
That is for the tail.
Four or five men beat drums.
The two men dance to drum music.

Deer Dance

This is our deer dance.
We dance this dance on January 6.
The men and boys dance in two lines.
Two women dance as leaders.
They are calling the deer.
Every one dancing wears a deer hide.
The deer live in our mountains.
When a deer is killed we save the
skin.
Sometimes they save the head, too.
They wear them in the dance.
It is the best of all the Taos dances.

FROM FORT APACHE, SECOND GRADE:

Devil Dance

There was an Indian dance at night.
It was a devil dance.
The devils danced around the fire.
The Indian men sang and beat the
drum.
The little devil was very funny.

NAVAJO GROUP POETRY

The poems here included are from a collection entitled "Trail Of Song", from the Tohatchi School. Miss Evangeline Dethman was the teacher. This is a sample of how the poems were made group wise, one child furnishing one line and one another, the whole poem being the result of a talk among the group, like the one "My Home" included below:

My Home

We had been learning about various kinds of homes. A city apartment house seemed especially fascinating. We compared environments.

"I like my home better", asserted Sallie. "Lots of room."

Ray agreed, "Big land here - little land there."

"Would you like to visit a land that is not like ours?" I asked.

"Oh yes", they agreed, "but come home after the trip."

From this discussion in social science we wrote "My Home".

Navajo land
With much room.
The land is wide -
The land is big.
I like the land
With lots of room.

The Dance

Hi! Yi!
I like to dance -
Hi! Yi!
My feet move fast -
My heart moves fast -
Hi! Yi!

If I Were A Pony

If I were a pony,
A spotted pinto pony,
A racing, running pony,
I would run away from school.
And I'd gallop on the mesa.
And I'd eat on the mesa,
And I'd sleep on the mesa,
And I'd never think of school.

Clouds

The picture in the irregularly outlined white clouds against the blue New Mexico sky gave rise to these lines:

The clouds go by
The sheep of the sky.

Design

I don't know how
I make a design,
But I do.
A line here -
A line there -
And I'm through.

The Game

We beat - we beat -
We beat the game -
My heart beats too.

The Prairie Dog

Jih - Jih - Jihi
A prairie dog am I.
Jih - Jih - Jih -
A boy is coming by
A sling shot in his hand
Made of a rubber band.
Jih - Jih - Jih -
My home is in the ground.
Down I go without a sound -
Jih - Jih - Jih -.

Half Right

The land is flat,
And the sky is round,
I thought when I was young -
Like a giant hogan,
A blue walled hogan
With many things on the floor.
But now I am wiser,
I know it is different -
The earth isn't just our land
It is big and big and bigger -
And round - like two hogans.

Thunder Maker

Thunder!
Hear the thunder -
There! Up on the mountain.

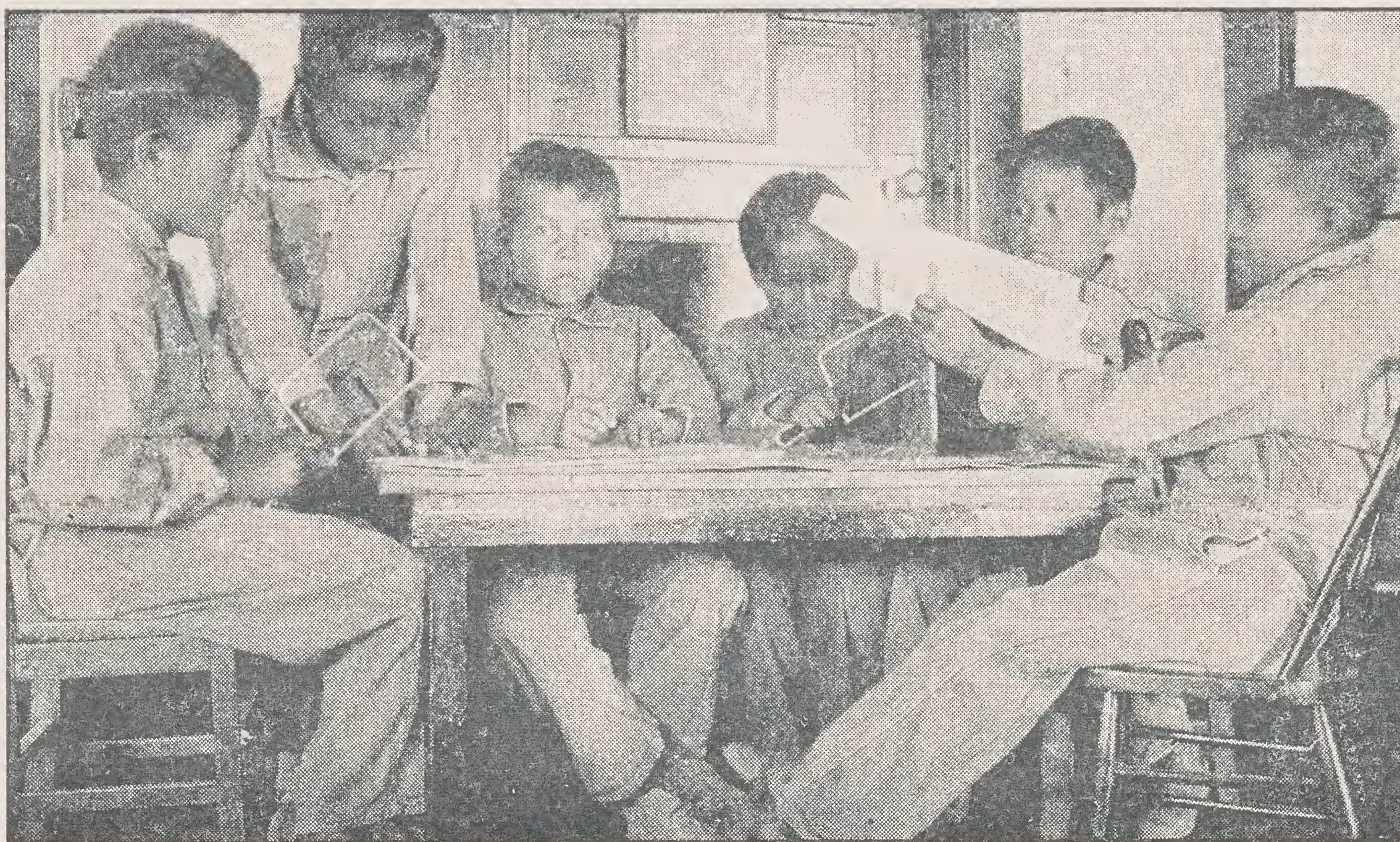
Old man is chopping wood.
I hear him chopping wood.
Hear the thunder.

Maybe - the wood
Makes fire
For the lightning.

My Thinking

If I do not believe you -
The things you say,
Maybe I will not tell you.
That is my way.

Maybe you think I believe you -
That thing you say;
But always my thoughts stay with me
My own way.



Leupp, Arizona, First Grade

ANIMALS

These stories about animals were taken from some of the children's own reading booklets recording their experiences:

FROM PIMA DAY SCHOOL, THIRD GRADE:

Horned Toad

The horned toad lives in a hole.
He is kind of gray color.
The toad's body is round.
His tail is sharp.
But it is not long.
He eats ants and drinks water.
He will not bite.
Two little toads lived in a box at school for awhile.
They then went back to their home in the sand.

FROM SHOSHONE, EDWARD MCGILL, THIRD GRADE:

The Aquarium

We bought some fish and somebody fed them orange peelings and graham crackers.

Miss Bowser gave us some snails.

Our fish and tadpoles did not live.
The clams and snails lived.

We got some water hyacinths, moss and ferns.

The fish did not live because fish don't like graham crackers and don't like orange peelings.

The aquarium holds about six gallons of water.

FROM RIVERSIDE BOARDING SCHOOL, SECOND GRADE. (Excerpts from a booklet of fourteen stories about the life of the bees which they raised).

The Bees At Home

There is a lot of work to do in the bee hives. We watch every day and see it get done. Lady Corrine and Lady Betty do all the work and their sister bees help them.

The drones are the brothers. They don't do any of the work. Their sisters even feed them. The Mr. Corrines and the Mr. Bettys have no honey bag and only a little tongue.

When the sisters get home they put their tongue in the men's mouth and feed them.

The lazy men can't sting us either. He has no stinger.

FROM PINE RIDGE BOARDING SCHOOL, PRIMARY GRADES:

The Salamanders

One of the salamanders bit a fish on the tail.

Then we put the salamanders into a tin can.

The salamanders like to eat worms. We give the salamanders angle worms.

The Turtle

We liked our turtle.
Mr. Jennings gave it to us.
It came on the train.
It was sick. It died.
Delores, Victoria, Leona, Faith and
Annawynn buried the turtle.
We sang and prayed.
We sang "O Beautiful"* because the
turtle was beautiful.
We put a rock at its head.

*The children selected "America The
Beautiful" for the song at the
funeral.

FROM THE HEART BUTTE DAY SCHOOL,
(BLACKFEET) PRIMARY GRADES:

Spotty

I had a calf. He was red and white.
His name was Spotty.
He was a bull calf.
He stayed with his mother.
I rode him. He could buck hard.
But he died four years ago. John
Williamson.

Mr. And Mrs. Buffalo

We have two buffaloes. The first
time they were in the other field
a dog barked at them. The buf-
faloes tramped on him and killed
him. They ran away twice last

winter. The first time they climbed
a snow bank and got out. The next
time they broke the gate and went
far away. They were gone two days.
Six men on horseback brought them
home. We were glad when we saw
them coming.

FROM SHOSHONE DAY SCHOOL, PRIMARY
GRADES:

One Wild Horse

I saw one wild horse with a hump. It
chased the other horses. We drove
it in a pen. It kicked and hit
other horses on the legs. It
broke the gate and got away. I
was fishing. It jumped over the
water and ran clear out of sight.
Chester Pingree.

FROM IGNALIA BOARDING SCHOOL, OLDER
PRIMARY CHILDREN:

Frogs

There are frogs in the ditch.
Some frogs are green.
Some frogs are brown.
The frogs can hop and jump.
They can swim in the water.
Navajo boys do not like frogs.
They do not catch frogs.
They are afraid of birds and animals,
that live in the water.

* * * * *

Cover Picture: The cover picture shows Mary Poor Thunder (Sioux), First
Grade Pupil of the Blackpipe, South Dakota, Day School.

OUR GARDEN

Written by the Fourth Grade

Oglala Community School, Pine Ridge Reservation

Last Spring we decided we would like to have a garden. We wanted to earn some money. We wanted to learn how to make and care for a garden. It is nice to work outdoors in the sunshine and fresh air.

We wrote letters to Mr. Jennings and Mr. Jordon asking permission to have a garden. They said we might. Mr. Chief, the gardener, gave us a piece of ground by the creek.

We took hoes and rakes. We made the soil loose and raked it after Mr. Chief plowed it.

Then we made straight furrows by using a string. We planted beets, onions, carrots and rutabagas. We planted tomato and cabbage seed in boxes in our schoolroom. When the plants were big enough we set them in our garden.

It was very dry so the seeds did not come up until Mr. Chief irrigated the ground. Then we had to hoe and make the plants grow. We hoed out the weeds.

Lloyd Goings took care of it for three weeks while Miss Mary was away.

In July the creek overflowed. It almost swept our garden away.

But when we came back to school we had some vegetables to sell. We sold beets, carrots, onions, rutabagas and tomatoes to the club. We have sold seven dollars and fifty cents (\$7.50) worth of vegetables. Besides we had ripe tomatoes to eat.

We want to buy a pair of canaries and a cage with our money.

We enjoyed our work. It helped us in arithmetic too. We hope we can have another garden next year.

HOME DUTIES

(By Third Grade Pupils, Western Navajo School)

One day my mother said to me, "You and your sister may go to the field." I said, "Let me go with my aunt." My father said, "If you go with your aunt, you only play, you don't work." When did you see us playing in the field? He did not say anything. We started for the cornfield. We took coffee, sugar and flour with us. We rode on horses. We met many cars on the road. It was afternoon when we reached the field. My aunt sent me to the spring for water. She built a fire and fried bread. We made coffee. We ate our dinner. When we finished, we went to the field. We worked until dark. We brought corn, watermelon, and muskmelon to our home. We were tired. We lay on the sheepskins and went to sleep. Modesta Seecody.

My mother said, "Go get some water." So I went with my brother. We walked for many miles. Rose was at the spring with her sister. We put our pails on the ground. We played. We heard running feet. We filled the pails with water. The cows were running to the spring. We hurried away from the spring. I carried the water to mother. Florence Beach.

One morning I woke my uncle and said, "Let us look for wild cows in the mountains." We saw a big cow. My uncle wanted to catch it and kill it. I said, "No, I want another cow. This one will help me." My uncle said, "Let us get other horses. These do not run fast." I went after more horses. Frank Luther.

* * * * *

TRIBAL CUSTOMS

FROM HEART BUTTE DAY SCHOOL, BLACKFEET, INTERMEDIATE GRADES:

The Medicine Man And Woman

When the Indians have Medicine Lodge, the medicine man and woman don't eat or drink anything except oranges or orange juice. They have to sit down for about five days and five nights. Some old man sings for the medicine man and medicine woman.

The day before the Medicine Lodge Dance, the man and woman don't eat anything until four o'clock in the afternoon. Then they have cow tongue soup.

The day of the Medicine Lodge Dance the medicine woman and medicine man give away something. They give away lots of things. Sam Spotted Eagle.

VACATION

During the summer I take the sheep out on the desert. Some days I stayed at home and made a rug. One day my mother told me to go to the Squaw Dance. She said, "I'll go with you. Tomorrow we will start." I had to rush to get ready. My hair had to be washed. I put on a clean shirt and a bright velvet blouse. I got much money at the dance. Jennie Lane, Third Grade, Western Navajo School.

During vacation I lived at home. One noon we were cooking our dinner. My brother said, "Let's milk some goats." My brother got a tin can. He put a little water in the can. He washed the inside of the can. We went out to milk the goat. He was gone. Johnny Colorado, Third Grade, Western Navajo School.

When Vacation Comes

When vacation comes we go to the mountains to fish and play in the woods. We gather pine nuts, too. We slide down the hill side, climb the trees, and play hide-and-seek. It is fun to go to the mountains. We wade in the streams and watch the fish. We build a camp fire to cook our dinner.

The woods are quiet. Sometimes you see birds. The birds sit in the pine trees.

The children gather wood for the fires. When we get ready to go home we get water from the stream to put out the fire. When every spark is out we get ready to go back home. When we get home we unload the car. The next day we go for a swim in the stream. It is fun to swim in the stream. The water is very cold. Iva McAdams, Intermediate.

The Vacation

I am going up on the mountains this summer with my father and mother to get wood. The Indians go up in the mountains to get wood for winter. Sometimes we go up in the mountains to get wood to build houses. Sometimes we go fishing in the mountains or hunt. Sometimes I look for pretty white rocks.

When we chop the tree down we get a horse and drag the tree out and chop the limbs off. Last summer we were cutting trees down. I was looking for pretty rocks and I heard something. It sounded like a cat. I was afraid but I didn't say anything.

There are lots of rocks in the road up in the mountains. Irene Large, Intermediate.

FATHER'S WORK

(From First Grade Book, Taos, Indicating Seasonal Occupation):

IN FALL:

Today my father went after wood.
He went to the mountains.
He cut down a tree
He cut the tree into firewood.
Here is the little burro.
He will carry the wood home.
The burro is very slow
He can carry a heavy load.

IN SPRING:

Today we will move to our summer
house.
It is on our farm.
My father made our house.
It has a blue door.
We always make our doors blue.

(Later Entry)

My father is plowing the field.
He is going to plant the corn
He will plant red, white and blue
corn.
The rain and sun will make it grow.

(Still Later Entry)

The corn is very little.
Tonight we will water it.
We will get the water from the river.
We will turn the water into the
field.
The water will make the corn grow.

FROM OLDER PRIMARY GROUP READING AT SELLS DAY SCHOOL:

Branding The Calf

One day John Pablo said, "I will
brand my calf so it will not get
lost or some man take it." He
took a rope called a lariat, got
on his horse, and went to the cor-
ral. He made a fire. Then he
rode into the corral. He saw a
cow and a calf. He threw a rope
around the calf's neck and front
feet. The calf pulled and pulled
to run away. But Mr. Pablo pulled
it to the fire. In the fire was
a branding iron. It was red hot.
He put the iron on the calf's
hind leg. It made this brand:-

The calf bawled and bawled and bawled.

Mr. Pablo took the rope off the calf.
The calf ran to its mother. Mr.
Pablo went home.

My father makes shoes for me. The
top is the soft skin of a deer.
The bottom skin is a cowhide. It
is hard. It protects my feet from
the sharp rocks. The buttons are
made from silver money. Robert
Whiterock.

MOTHER'S WORK
(Illustrations In Color In Each Instance)

FROM SHIPROCK:

The Oven

This is my mother's oven.
The oven is made of mud and rocks.
The oven looks like a little hogan.
First we build a fire in the oven.
We let the oven get very hot.
Then we take out the fire.
We put the bread in the hot ashes.
We put rocks over the chimney and door.
We leave the bread in the oven an hour.
We take the bread out.
It is very good.

The Cradle

This is my mother's cradle.
This is my baby brother.
My mother carries the cradle.
The baby likes the cradle.
The cradle makes baby grow straight.
Baby must be kept very clean.
We give goats milk to drink.

FROM IGNACIO:

The Navajo Hogan

I live in a hogan. It is built of cottonwood logs. It is plastered with mud or adobe. The logs are peeled. A new hogan is very nice. There is a fire in the center of the hogan. There are sheep skins to sleep on. My mother makes nice blankets to cover me up at night. I like my home.

FROM SANTO DOMINGO:

This is mother's water jar.
We call it wo-ki-ni.
It is made of clay.
Mother made it.
She carries it on her head.

Pottery

The Zuni women make pottery. They make pottery with clay. They make it in different shapes. There are water jars, bowls and sacred meal baskets. They make the jars to carry water. They put food in the bowls.

The women get clay from Toayleny (Thunder Mountain). They make pottery in the spring and summer. They grind old jars to mix with the clay. Then they mold the jar. They let it dry in the sun. They polish it with a rough stone and paint it with a white paint made of white rocks. They use a rabbit skin for a brush. They grind yellow and brown rocks to paint the designs. They put water and sugar in it to make it stick. They put on the designs with soap weed stalk fibers and the jar is baked. Sheep manure is piled around it and a fire is started. The yellow paint turns dark red. The Zuni girls carry water on their heads. They get the water at the well.

AN ACTIVITY BY THE SENIORS IN TRIBAL HISTORY



HISTORY OF THE NAVAJOS

Compiled by the Sixth Grade

Toadlena Indian School, New Mexico

Long ago there were two kinds of Indians in New Mexico; town and country tribes. Two tribes of country Indians were the Navajos and the Apaches. The town Indians are called Pueblos. Two tribes of Pueblos are the Zunis and the Hopis.

The first white people to come here were the Spanish. They were led by a man named Coronado. The Navajos were ruled by the Spanish then.

The country tribes did not have gardens. They robbed the Pueblos. The Pueblos were afraid of the Apaches and the Navajos because they were warriors and robbers. The Navajos got their first sheep by stealing them from the Spanish.

Coronado was the first white man to come to New Mexico. He claimed the land for Spain. Many Spaniards came to New Mexico to build towns. The oldest town is Santa Fe. In these towns they had a fort and a mission.

First New Mexico was ruled by the Spanish. Then Spain and Mexico had a war. Mexico won. Then the Navajos were ruled by the Mexicans.

Many Americans began to come into New Mexico. They came on a road called the Santa Fe Trail. They did not want to be ruled by the Mexicans. About 1850 Mexico and the United States had a war. The United States won. Then the Navajos were ruled by the Americans. For about eighty years the Navajos have been ruled by the United States.

The United States sent many soldiers to capture the Navajos. They built a fort, Fort Defiance, and lived there. The Navajos were hiding and living in Canon de Chelly. The white soldiers got a man named Kit Carson to help capture the Navajos. He did. Then the Navajos marched across New Mexico to Fort Sumner on the Pecos River. They were kept there in captivity for more than two years.

The Navajos did not like Hwelte. The trees and crops did not grow and many died of sickness. Some of the Chiefs went to Washington to see the President. He sent General Sherman to make a treaty with the Indians. The Navajos promised to stop fighting if they could go back to their own homes and country. The white government gave them horses and sheep. They started their own homes again. Now they do not fight any more. Many Navajos go to school.

ZUNI POTTERY-MAKING

By Pupils of the Zuni Day School

The Zuni pottery is made in three different shapes. Some are made into water jars, and others are made into food bowls and sacred meal baskets.

The jars are made to hold water and keep it cool. They are made narrow at the top and round around the middle part. They are white with black and red designs. The common designs for the jars are deer, birds and the round flower-like designs. They are decorated only outside.

The food bowls are round with wide tops. They are made to hold food. They are decorated on the outside and inside.

The sacred meal baskets are used to hold sacred meal to sprinkle before and after the dancers leave. The baskets are round with stepped edges. The frogs, tadpoles and the serpents are the common designs for the sacred meal baskets. Thomasine Tsataisewa.

Method of Making Pottery



Grinding and Sifting

Before we start to make pottery, we gather pieces of broken pottery and grind it on rough stones until it is ground fine. When it is ground fine, we sift it and take the coarse pieces out. When that is done it is ready to mix.

We get the clay from Thunder Mountain and soak it. When it is thoroughly soaked, it is spread on a

rock and mixed with ground pottery. The ground pottery is mixed until it is just right for moulding.

Moulding. After the clay is mixed thoroughly, take a small piece of it and shape it into a ball. Then with the fist shape it like a saucer or bowl. This is the bottom of a jar or bowl. Then we make coils of clay for building

it up, smoothing it with a piece of gourd and some water.

Painting. After the jar is moulded, we let it dry for a day or two. Then we polish it with a rough stone to smooth it. Then we paint it white all over with a rabbit-skin brush. We let it dry, and then we polish it with a smooth stone. This makes it shine. Then the designs are put on with a brown stone and yellow. We use yucca for brushes.

Baking. We bake our pottery outside in a kiln. We bake it with dried sheep manure. We put tin cans and make a circular kiln. Then the pottery is put upside down and the fire started in the bottom with chips. It is baked in about forty-five minutes. The yellow turns red in the baking.



Baking



Pottery Exhibit

PICTURE STORIES BY THE CHILDREN, CROWNPOINT, NEW MEXICO



These boys are mixing the clay. Some of the boys have a shovel. Wilson Y. and I were carrying the water. Four boys are mixing the clay into the water with the hoe. Then some of the boys carry the clay to other boys to plaster between the cracks. By Wilson G.

Building The Wall

We are building the wall.

Miss Martin took our picture when we were building the wall. Willie and I are standing inside. Lindy has a stone hammer in his hand. Some of the boys are bringing the clay and the stones. Other boys are laying the stones. The boys are working. By Byrd Wilson.





This is Ben and I in the picture. We are hauling the sand. We got the sand in the arroyo. I drove the horse. Ben is standing in back of me. We brought many loads of sand. The other boys mixed the sand with the clay to plaster the walls of our hogan. By Willie Haynes.

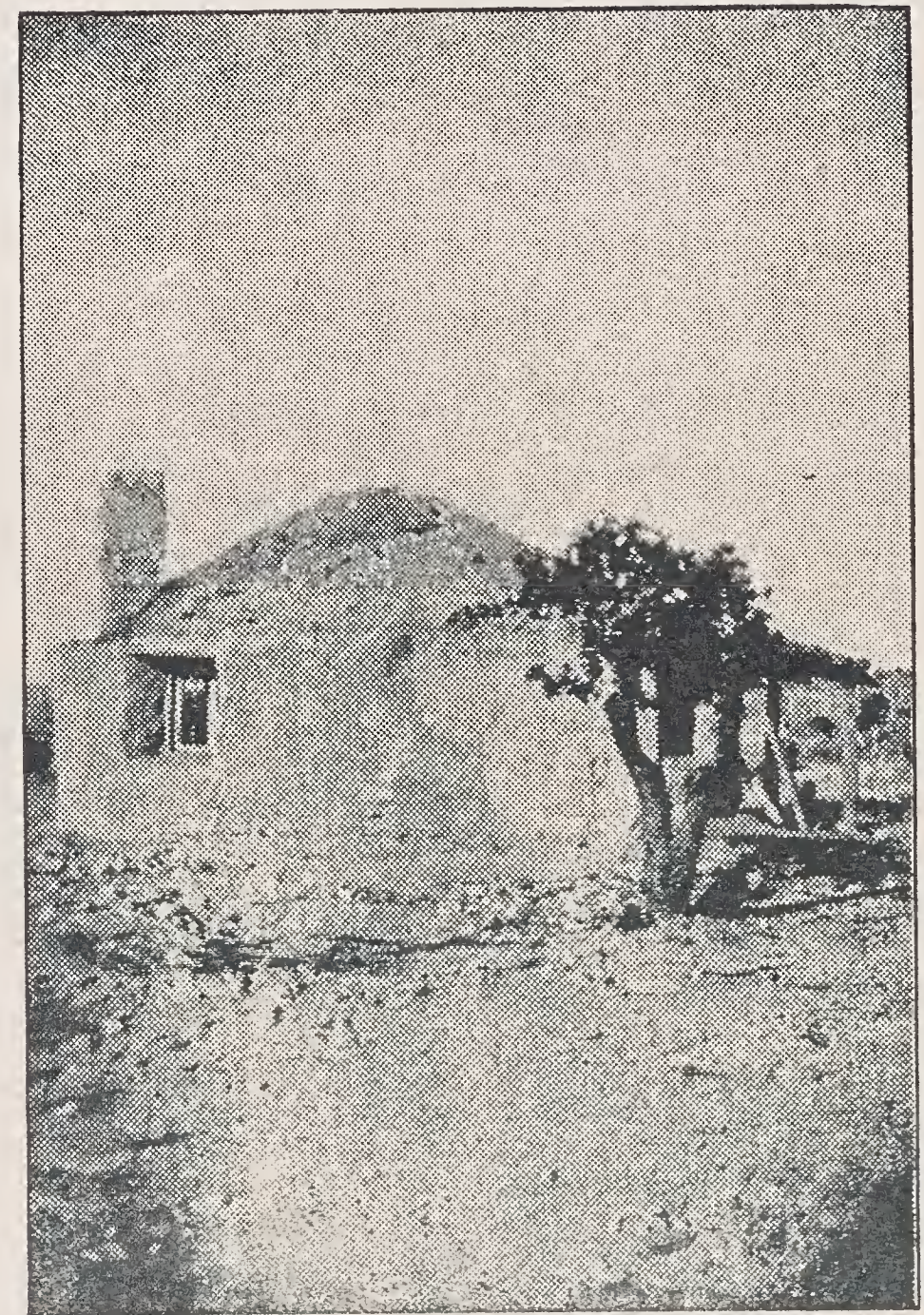
Wilson G. is standing by the window. Del and Roy are sitting on top of the hogan. We are filling the cracks with cedar, rabbit brush and wet dirt. The water tank is behind the hogan. Our hogan has four windows. By Del E. Cayadoit.





There are seven girls in this picture. The girls are standing by the hogan. Miss Martin took the picture. The girls plastered the inside wall to our hogan. They know how to plaster the wall very well. They also made some pretty curtains for the windows in the hogan. The girls helped do the work for our hogan. By Earl Castiano.

This hogan is all finished. The hogan is very nice. This hogan has four windows in it. It has one door. We have a fireplace in our hogan. We go to school in our hogan. We have twenty-nine children in our class.



SHEEP HERDING

The Navajos cut the wool off the sheep early in the Spring. Then they take it to the store to sell. They keep some of it at home to make rugs in the summer. They wash the dirty wool and dry it in the sun. Then they comb the wool and spin it into strings. They want white for rugs. They get white sand and put it into water. They put the wool in it and let it sit for a long time. Then they take it out and rinse it. They take it to the store. Sometimes they get money for it, and sometimes they get food. Cora Ben Gould Yazzie, Grade Five.

I will tell a story of my herd of sheep at home. The first thing in the morning we have to herd sheep so they can eat while it is cool. When it gets hot they cannot eat. They run under a tree. So that is why we go on the mountain. It is cool on the mountains for them, and there is lots of grass on the top.

Sometimes I herd sheep with my brother. We usually herd on the mountain because we like to see far away. When it is time to go home, we gather all the sheep together and start to herd them home. When we get home, we have dinner and then go to herd again. We herd all afternoon until it is evening. When we get home we take the little goats on the other side of the corral because we want milk in the morning. We herd the sheep every day.

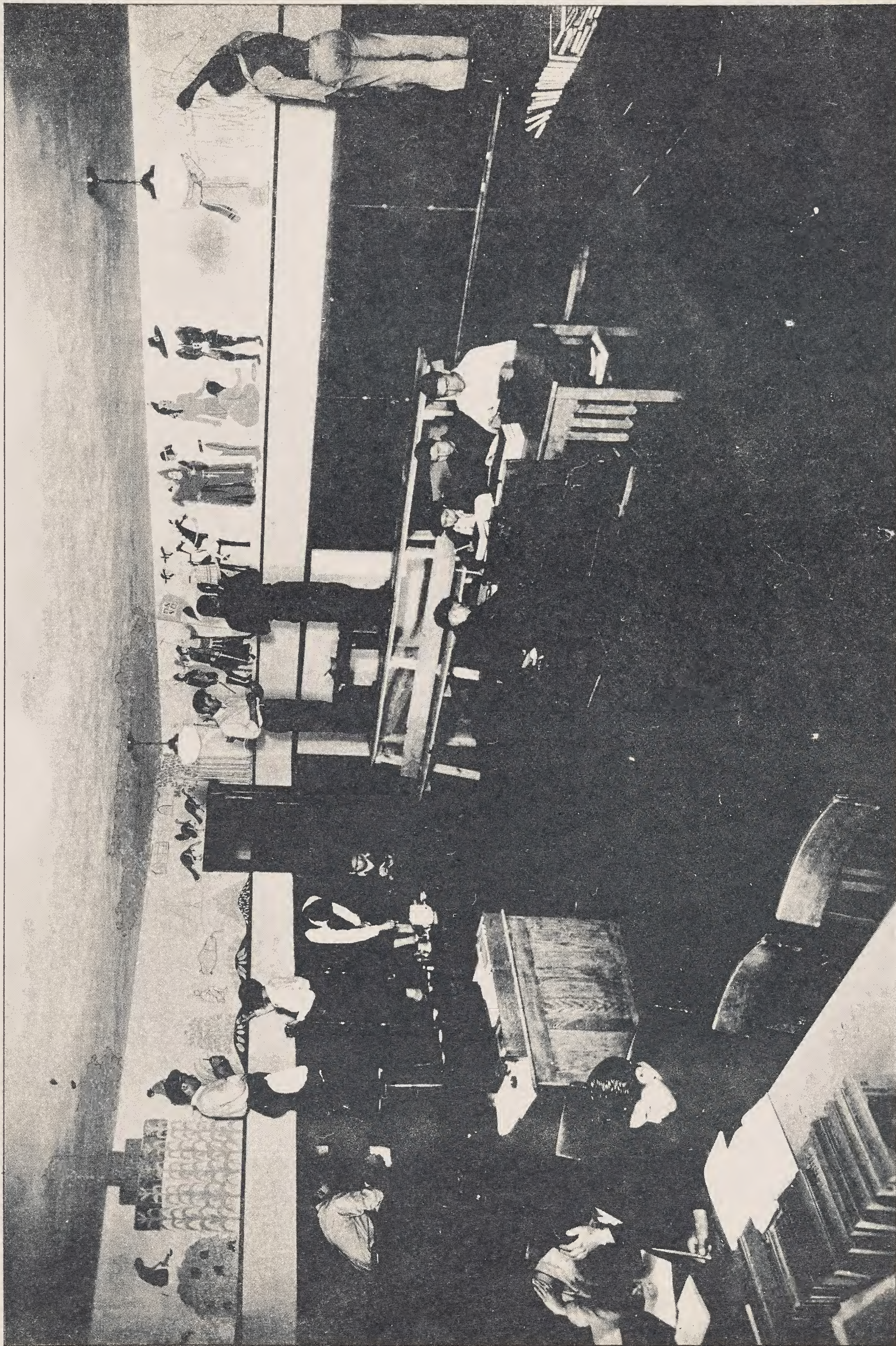
When we go home from school we start herding sheep all day long. At my home we have ten herding men. My brother herds all of the goats and we herd all of the sheep. Doris Dehasakabdeca, Grade Six, Toadlena Indian School, New Mexico.

* * * * *

RIDING WILD HORSES

Some of the Navajos go to the mountains or the desert to hunt for wild horses. When they find some, they all get after them as fast as they can run. Pretty soon the horses get all tired out, and the wild horses run away from them. Sometimes they rest them. If they rope them, they put a saddle on and some Navajo gets on the horse. The wild horse begins to jump up and down, Pretty soon the Navajo falls off and sometimes the horse falls down. If the horse isn't hurt, he runs away. Then the Navajo gets on his horse and gets the wild horse again. He brings it back and some other Navajos get on it again. It jumps up and down and after a little while it is tamed. Jasper Yazzie, Toadlena Indian School, New Mexico.

A SOCIAL SCIENCE ACTIVITY BY ELEVENTH GRADE STUDENTS



BOYS AT WORK IN SILVERSMITHING



MAKING A 4-H CLOTHES CLOSET

By Lucille Wilkie

We needed seven orange boxes in order to make a closet. These we were given from the store. We painted them white. We needed two pieces of wood, and we got them from the carpenter shop. Then we wanted a rod through the center to hang our clothes on. For our rod we used an old broom stick, and painted it too. We thought we could make it still better and so we saved flour sacks and washed them. Then we dyed them green. This dye was fifteen cents. We used four flour sacks. We needed something to hold the curtain up, and so we found an inner tube and cut strips from this.

The closet was not expensive. The paint we used for the boxes did not cost us anything because we found it in an old cellar. The dye for the curtains was fifteen cents. We demonstrated this closet in different places. We demonstrated first at Little Eagle and every one seemed well pleased.

We had a very nice time at this place. From there we went to Keneo, and our demonstration there was declared a success. We also enjoyed our time there. We went to Porcupine, and although there was not such a large attendance, we demonstrated and had a very good time. Our last demonstration was given at Fort Yates, and it was considered a success also.

Last year our 4-H Club had a sewing club. In our sewing club we had thirty members. Our President was Helen Rainy; the Secretary, Beridian Menz. Last year in the 4-H Club we made dresses and shorts to match. We made laundry and garment bags, pot-holders and dish towels. These were for our own use. We also hemmed diapers for the hospital.

(Lucille Wilkie is a member of the Chippewa Tribe, although she lives on the Standing Rock Reservation. She is eleven years old. This is her second year in club work.)

* * * * *

JOE BRONCHO BILL

I am fifteen years old. My parents are dead and I live with my uncle, Barnie Two Eagle. Last year I joined the 4-H poultry club. I started with fifty Rhode Island baby chicks. I fed my chicks often and would put them in a big box to sleep each night. I took a pen of my chicks to the Rosebud Fair and I won second prize.

I had twelve hens and one rooster last fall. Last year was very dry and I did not raise any corn for my chickens. I had a hard time getting food for

my chicks until green grass came. Some of my hens died and some we ate, but I still have four hens and one rooster.

I bought a dozen Buff Orpington hens this Spring. I have set six hens this Spring. I have had bad luck. A dog ate some of the setting eggs. One hen has ten little chicks.

I built a small cave poultry house. It is too damp. I am going to build a big poultry house this summer.

I have planted a big field of corn. I hope my chicks will have corn for feed this winter. I want to have enough hens to furnish eggs through the winter to eat. I like to have some poultry to eat through the cold season.

I had a garden about one-eighth of an acre in size last year. It was a very dry year, but I watered my garden by carrying water in buckets from a tank. I raised a dozen squash and pumpkins, thirty mellons, some fresh peas, onions, and other fresh vegetables. My garden products were valued at about five dollars. The grasshoppers and dry weather got the first planting of my garden. The vegetables I grew were from the second planting.

I have my garden this year and everything is coming up now. I like to be a 4-H Club boy. I hope I will be able to do something really good with club work sometime.

* * * * *

PRIZE PIGS!

When I was a small boy I heard quite a bit of 4-H Club work. I became interested and joined the Fort Totten, North Dakota, Pig Club in 1930. The members of this club picked out small pigs and raised them. These pigs were shown at the county fair. My pig won third prize at this time, so I was chosen as a delegate to the State Fair at Grand Forks, North Dakota. Here at the fair I met boys and girls from all over the State and became acquainted with them. I liked this trip, for a fair is always a place of fun. After our pigs were shown, we would go to the Midway and see the sights.

Some lessons I received in 4-H Club meetings pertaining to judging live-stock taught me how to tell a good cow from a poor one. This helps one if he or she is buying stock; he or she would see the stock and tell whether the stock is good. When I see stock, I often brush up on my memory and judge them on their good and bad points.

In the future I know this knowledge will help me a lot in buying and judging stock. Andrew Yankton, Age Nineteen, Sioux Tribe.

WHAT I LEARNED IN THE 4-H CLUB WORK

My name is Alphonso Zuni. I am sixteen years old and have been a member of the Zuni Indian Jewelry Club for two years and a member of the Sheep Club for three years.

In the Sheep Club I learn the names of different types of sheep and how to tell a good breed of sheep from a poor one. I also learned how to herd sheep to control erosion. I have two Club sheep and every year in the fall I bring those sheep for breeding and for the care of them. I also raised a buck which I intend to trade for two ewes. I sheared my two sheep and got twelve pounds for the wool at eight cents a pound. In the Spring time all the Sheep Club boys go to camp to help with the lambing and herding. In the summer the Club boys go to camp for about a month and a few days.

We work in Zuni Day School for an hour and a half in the Jewelry Club. We use blow torches, hammers, pliers of all kinds, files, grind stones, nippers, tweezers, bellows and stamps for our work. We use lime to make the jewelry we make bright and shiny. We make rings, bracelets, pins, belt buckles and earrings. We also make match boxes and ash trays. We sell some of the things we make and keep the others. We do the silversmith work from one o'clock to two-thirty in the afternoon. I have a lot of fun doing the silversmithing work besides learning a trade that will help me earn a living. It will help me earn a living when I get out of school.

By being a member of a Club it helps me to learn better ways of doing things and to keep business records. The 4-H Club work is good work and I enjoy it very much. Alphonso Zuni.



MOTHERS' TRAINING SCHOOL AT MESCALERO APACHE



SHOSHONE SUN DANCE



By Starr Weed

A YEAR IN SHOSHONE LAND

The following group of stories are written by Junior High School children of the Shoshone Reservation. It is a pity that the actual pages cannot be reproduced so life-like is the arrangement in this book and so charming and so beautifully illustrated in colored crayons. You must imagine fine full page illustrations of the Sun Dance, indented marginal illustrations where much is expressed in a single line. From this little book emanates the life of a people. Their celebrations, their hunting and fishing trips and games, berry picking which is so much a part of many tribes, ways of dressing hides, use of buckskin, the whole way of living; a people's spirit breathes from this typewritten book made by the Shoshone Children and called, "A Year In Shoshone Land".

Getting Ready For The Sundance

Sometime early in the summer the Shoshones hold a council and decide when to have the Sundance. They also appoint a committee to take charge of the dance.

The first thing they do to get ready for the dance is to practice songs. There are a number of songs that all the singers must know in order to sing for the dancers. Then the Committee appoints some men to go up into the mountains and get poles to build the big pavilion where the dance is to be held. They need twenty-five big poles, one for the center, twelve for the sides, and twelve for the top.

The center pole is the most important. It must be very large and have forks for the top poles to rest in.

When the center pole has been selected an old man kills it. He gets on his horse and gets his gun. He rides up to the pole and shoots it or he hits it with his gun. When the old man has finished killing the pole the other men cut it down. It is loaded on a wagon by itself. It is never hauled with the other poles.

While the men are up in the mountains getting poles lots of the people move down and make camp where the Sundance is to be held. When the poles are brought down from the mountains they are unloaded about half a mile from this camp.

The next day all the Indians put on their war bonnets and costumes and have a big parade and a sham battle. After this sham battle they load up the poles again and take them where they are going to build the pavilion or dance hall.

They dig holes and put up the twelve shorter poles in a big circle. Then they call all the Indian men and women together and the man, who is head of the Committee in charge of the Sundance, makes a prayer. When he gets through praying a buffalo head is fastened onto the center pole. Then all the people take hold of the pole and sing. When they are through singing they put the center pole up. Next they put twelve poles across from the sides to the center pole. Then they bring wagon loads of willows and young cottonwood trees and stand these up around the sides leaving an opening towards the east. When this is done the Sundance pavilion is ready to use. James Wagon and James Noseep.

The Sundance

After the dance pavilion is finished the men who are going to dance get their costumes on and get ready to go in. They wait behind the pavilion or dance hall till they are all ready; then they go around the hall three times blowing their whistles before they go inside. When they enter they circle around the wall and find their places, for each dancer has a place back next to the wall. When they have all found their places, the man who is head of the Dance Committee offers a prayer. They are then ready for the dance to start.

In the meantime the men who are going to do the singing bring in their drums and place them on one side of the pavilion, not very far from the entrance. The drummers take their places and the singers gather around them. Then the music starts. The women who help sing have little brushes in their hands which they shake up and down in time to the music.

Every morning during the dance, as the sun rises there is a special ceremony in its honor as the dancers pray to it.

Along in the evening the singers all go to eat their supper. The dancers rest while they have no music, but they do not eat or drink.

Anyone who wishes takes part in the dance. Men dance when they want some blessing for themselves or for their people. Often a man who is sick takes part in the dance thinking this will make him well. A woman who is sick does not dance but she selects one of the medicine men, who are taking part in the dance, to treat her. Then she goes and stands by the center pole while the dance is going on.

The dance starts at night, sometimes soon after dark and sometimes not till nearly midnight. It lasts three days. Some years the dancers come out of the hall as early as ten o'clock of the third day, but some years they don't come out till four o'clock in the afternoon. The first thing they do after they leave the hall is to go to the river and take a bath. Then they have a big feast which closes the Sundance.

Choke Cherries

Choke cherries grow wild down by the river. They get ripe about the last of August. We don't pick them while they are red. We wait till they are almost black then we go picking cherries. When we get lots of them picked we take them home, put them in a clean sack, lay this sack on a clean, smooth rock, and get a smaller rock to pound with. We pound the cherries until they are mashed up into little pieces, seeds and all. Then we take them out of the sack and spread them in the sun to dry.

When they are good and dry we put them back in the sack, tie it up and hang them up somewhere the mice can't get to them. In the winter time we cook and eat these dried cherries. We eat them with sugar and cream sometimes but many people don't use sugar and cream they just cook the dried cherries and eat them that way.

This is not the only way choke cherries are used. Some of the ladies pick their cherries before they get so ripe. They cook the cherries and make jelly out of the juice. A long time ago people didn't do this. Then they just dried the cherries for winter.

In the summer time we eat them off the bushes raw or cook them and eat them.

Buffalo Berries

This fall when the buffalo berries were ripe my grandmother and I went picking berries. When buffalo berries are ready to pick they are red and very pretty. They look like red dots among the green leaves when you are quite a way from them. You have to be very careful when you pick these berries because the thorns get into your hands and are very hard to get out.

When we found some bushes that were full of berries I told my grandmother I thought it would be easier to knock them off and pick them up than to pick them off the bushes. So we spread a piece of canvas under the bush and I got two sticks for us to use. We knocked the berries onto our canvas, picked the leaves out of them and emptied them into a pail.

When we got home we washed our berries and put them on the stove to cook. After they were well cooked we poured the juice off and made jelly of it. We threw the berries away because there was nothing left but seeds and skin. Linda Aragon.

Troubles In Summer

In the summer time people stay outside a great deal because it is pleasant and also good for one's health. They have many troubles that they

would not have if they stayed inside. Sometimes they get caught in bad wind storms or in thunder storms so that they get wet and cold. Sometimes one wants to pass through a pasture where there are cattle and gets chased by wild cattle. Sometimes one is trying to get honey away from the bees and gets stung.

One day I was crossing a wide field where there were cattle eating grass. One of them got to bellowing and scared me so I started to run. Then he chased me. I was so frightened I could hardly run. Finally I got to the fence just where it crossed a stream of water. I jumped into the water and ducked under the fence and so got safely away.

One time I was trying to get some honey when a swarm of bees took after me. I had many bumps on me when I got home. That was when I was just a tiny girl. I thought you just walked right up to the bee hive and helped yourself to honey. I would probably have been stung to death if I had got very close but the bees started after me before I got near their hive.

One time while I was out a terrific wind sprung up and was blowing so hard I could hardly get home. Elinor.

Camping

During the summer we went up in the mountains to hunt. Each of us rode a horse. We packed our camp outfit, our dishes, cooking things and bedding on other horses. We had to lead these pack horses. Nobody liked to lead them but we all took turns doing it. It took us two days to get up in the mountains where we were going to hunt.

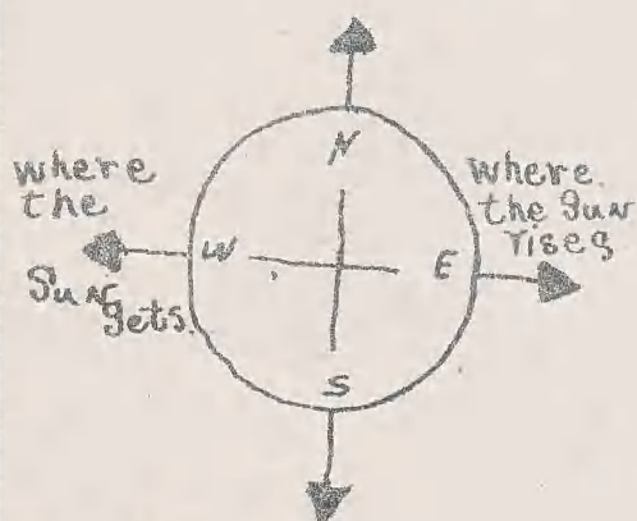
When we got there we fixed up our camp, and next morning we started out hunting. The men were hunting deer, elk and bear but we boys just hunted rabbits. We stayed around close to camp and watched that our horses didn't get away. They were hobbled but sometimes they broke their hobbles. They would have tried to go home if there had been no one to catch them. When the men would kill a deer they would bring it to camp and we would help to cut it up and put it to dry.

We would cook meat during the day while the men were gone hunting. We'd make the gravy and have the supper all ready when they came back to camp.

We killed rabbits and game birds, almost every day. We both got to be real good shots after we had been up there for a while. One day a coyote came down close to camp. I heard him howling and got my gun. I thought he was going to come down to camp to get some of the meat we were drying. I hid behind some trees and sure enough after while he came down close to me. I shot him. He ran a little way and fell dead. I skinned him and when I got home I sold his fur.... Philip and Frank.

LEGEND OF THE SACRED NUMBER FOUR

LEGEND OF THE SACRED NUMBER 4



Directions
North-East-South+West



Divisions of Time
Night-Day-Moon-Year



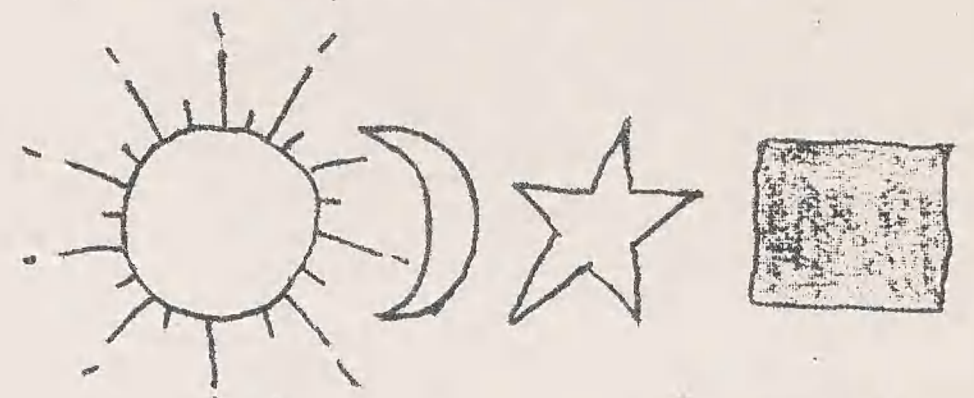
Seasons
Spring-Summer-Autumn-
Winter



Four Parts to
Every Thing
Roots, Stem, Leaves + Fruit.



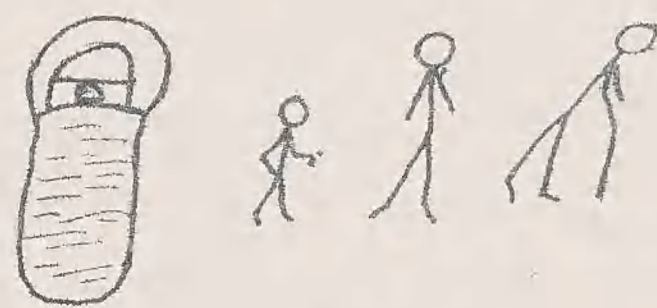
Four Things That Breathe
Those that crawl and fly
Those that walk on two and four legs



Four Things Above The Earth
Sun-Moon-Stars-Skies



Four fingers On Each Hand
Four toes On Each Foot
Two thumbs and Big Toes Put
together make four.



Four Periods Of Life
Infancy-youth-adulthood
Old Age

1948 - Lindy Gayton & Lenore M.

By Lindy Gayton and Lenore M.

Ninth Grade, Pierre School.



By Ed Wadda, Age 15
Shoshone School



By Joe Herrera, Age 13
Santa Fe School



Cherokee Ball Game
By Cecil Dick, Age 19, Sequoyah School



By Alberto Raton, Age 8, Santa Ana Day School



By Marina Romero, Age 12, Taos Day School

MAKING BREAD

The first grade children at Chin Lee made bread. A Navajo woman living near the school lent them her metate stone to grind their corn.

This is the way we made our bread.
We put one quart of meal in a pan.
We poured the ashes and water
through the whisk broom into a
pan.
Then we put six teaspoonfuls of
ashes and water in with the meal.
Then we put two cups of boiling wa-
ter in the pan with the meal.
Then we stirred it all round and
round.
We kneaded the bread for a long
time.
We made little balls out of the
bread.
Then we patted the balls into lit-
tle cakes.

If the bread began to crack on top,
we put our hands into the water
and patted the cake.
We made bread twice so all the boys
and girls could have some.
When the bread was ready, we put it
in to a greased skillet.
We put the skillet on the fire.
We cooked the bread very slowly.

Robert cooked one skillet of bread.
Seth cooked the other skillet of
bread.

The boys turned the bread over and
over while it was cooking.

Soon the bread was all cooked.
It was cooked brown on both sides.
Robert and Seth put the bread on
the plates.

We put a cup of hot water in a pan.
We put three teaspoonfuls of salt
in the water.

Then we stirred it together.

We put each piece of bread into the
water and took it out.

This is the way we salted our bread.

Then all the boys and girls took
their bread.

Miss Chumbley gave everyone some
butter for his bread.

Then Miss Chumbley made a picture of
all the children with their bread.

Everyone ate his bread.

Then we came back to school.

* * * * *

Beauty

Beauty moves -
Like a dancer,
Or water falling.
But sometimes
It is still -
It does not move -
Like a silver necklace
Or a sand painting.

HISTORY STORIES

FROM GOSHUTE DAY SCHOOL, SIXTH GRADE:

Goshutes Of Today

These Indians live on Goshute Indian Reservation near Ibapah, Utah. It is fifteen miles from Ibapah, Utah. These Indians lived in houses built of logs.

Most of these Indians have small gardens near their homes, and flower beds in front of houses. They have cellars, so they will put the potatoes in them in winter. They planted trees around their houses.

The Indian men work in hay fields for the ranches. They herd sheep and shear sheep in the spring - in April and May. Some of them haul wood for the white people in the fall.

The Indian women make beautiful baskets and gloves. They sell them and make great deal of money. Some of them make money purses too.

Few of the Indians have small farms. On them they raised oats and wheat. They have horses and cows.

The rules of the Indians is to obey the Chief. "No drunkenness when the Indians have feast for the dead person". "Not to kill anybody". "To treat the enemies right". "Be kind and send their children to school" and many other things.

The Chief of these Indians is Ounie Tommy. Besides him, there are two men, Tweedy Baker and Frank Bishop who want to be Chiefs. We don't know the new laws.

We went to Goshute Day School. The Government furnished these children their clothes, shoes and many things. Our teacher taught us Geography, Readers, History, Hygiene, Civics, Library books, songs and Language and many other things.

The doctor comes twice a year and examines the Indian children in this reservation.

The Government furnished the old Indians their clothes and food. The young Indians take care of the old Indians at home and love them.

WHY THERE ARE RIVERS IN ALASKA

Once there was a man by the name of Tckhameshim who lived in a hut on the edge of a large forest. He had a friend who was very wicked, and always tried to weaken and destroy Tckhameshim's power.

One day Alda, the name of Tckhameshim's friend, went down the beach to gather some mussels which grow on the rocks. When he had enough he took the mussels and walked towards Tckhameshim's house. Soon he came to Tckhameshim's well under a large birch tree. He drained this well and went on his way and gave the mussels to Tckhameshim who accepted them gladly. He cooked the mussels and ate them. After he had eaten he was very thirsty, so he went out to his well to drink water, but he couldn't find his well which had been drained out by Alda, his friend. So by means of a magic word he transformed himself into a very large giant, then he took his basket, which was also very large, and went over miles and miles of land to the Stikine River to get some water. When he reached the river he dipped the basket in the water and started back.

On his way back the basket was so full with water and Tckhameshim was traveling so fast that large drops of water dripped from the basket. Every drop Tckhameshim gave it a name until he came to his little hut and filled his well again. And that is why to this day there are so many rivers in Alaska.

* * * * *

WHY WE HAVE HIGH AND LOW TIDES

In one of the villages of B. C., there lived a man by the name of Tckhameshim. He was very strong and he always told lies and knew how to tell jokes.

One day Tckhameshim saw a woman sitting by the shore, holding the tide back. She wouldn't let the tide go, for fear somebody might get all the sea creatures.

Tckhameshim sent one mink to get some sea urchins just to fool the old woman. When the mink came back Tckhameshim took the sea urchins and went down by the old woman and told her that he went down to the beach and ate as many sea urchins as he could find.

The old woman didn't believe him so Tckhameshim pulled the woman's dress up and scratched the back of the woman with a sea urchin. She wouldn't drop the tide until her body bled. Then she dropped the tide and Tckhameshim ran down to the beach and ate all the sea urchins he wanted. That is why we have high tide and low tide.

THE SUNFLOWER
(A Dakota Myth)

By a Pupil of the Ninth Grade, Pierre Indian School

Once on a time, long ago, a company of men were going on a war expedition. And now, as they were within the country of the enemy, they were proceeding very cautiously. One morning very early they heard what seemed to them to be the sound of someone singing in a tremulous voice, coming from the direction toward which they were marching. They stopped and stood still to listen.

As they stood thus listening, it seemed to them that the singer, whoever he might be, must be a clown, for he was singing a clown song. There was not light enough to see the singer. But they waited silently and anxiously, peering ahead in the direction from which the sound of the singing came.

At the first glimmer of the dawn light they were able to make out the figure of a man, walking with an awkward, shuffling gait. His robe was ragged and his leggings draped slouchingly around his ankles as he walked. He had great yellow circles painted around his eyes, and he was singing in a husky, wheezy voice. So they stood in wonder, regarding the clown who was coming toward them. He was coming toward the rising sun, and as the daylight grew lighter, they were astonished to see the man suddenly turn to a sunflower. And ever since that time it is said the sunflower is inclined to face toward the sun.

* * * * *

THE ORIGIN OF THUNDER

Once three Indians went hunting for three nights and days, but could neither see forests nor game.

Soon they came to a tall tree. One of them climbed the tree to look for game. He saw a tipi in the clouds. From the tree an Indian path led to the tipi. He told his companions to follow him, which they did.

They entered and joined others who were smoking pipes around the fire in the tipi. They went hunting after the feast and found a lot of game, and killed all they needed. The Indians on earth heard the report of their guns, and even today when they hear it thunder, they believe those Indians are hunting again in the Happy Hunting Ground. Ethel Iron Thunder, Student Ninth Grade, Pierre Indian School.

THE SONG OF THE OLD WOLF

By Pupils of the Ninth Grade, Pierre Indian School

Once upon a time an old Indian went out to be alone upon a high hill above the Missouri River. He went to give himself to meditation and prayer. He chose this situation because of its grandeur and the majesty of the view.

As the old man sat thus meditating and considering the earth and sky, he noticed out on the prairie a group of wolves trotting toward the river. When they reached the river they plunged in and swam across to the other side.

All but one old wolf, who was so old and feeble that he did not dare try his strength against the swift and powerful stream. The old wolf saw down on the bank and watched his companions trot out of sight. When they disappeared, he raised his muzzle toward the sky and sang in a man's voice, the following song:

"All o'er the earth I've roamed;
I've journeyed far and wide;
My spirit haste and go,
I'm nothing, nothing now,
I'm nothing, nothing now.

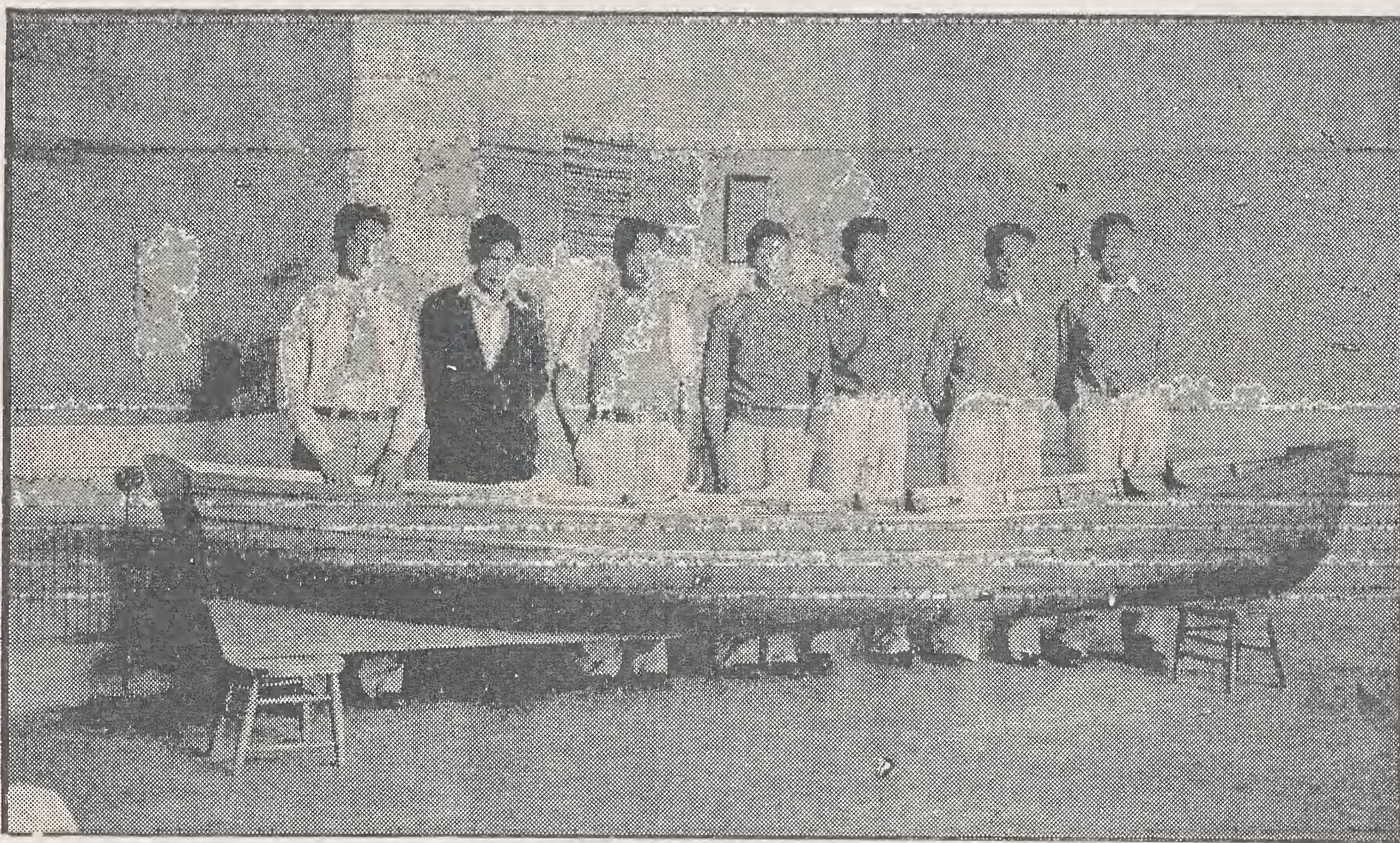
"Missouri River, flow;
Thou sacred waters, flow;
My spirit haste and go,
I'm nothing, nothing now,
I'm nothing, nothing now."

After the old wolf had sung this song, he wearily made his way to the top of a hill and lay down in the warm sunshine in the shelter of a rock,

and there waited until his spirit went away.

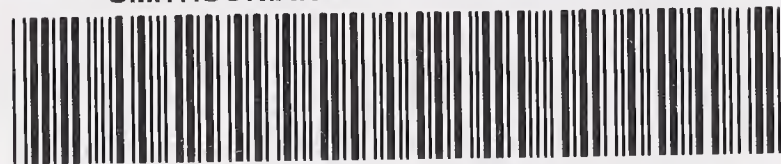
And so now, when old men of the Dakota Nation feel the infirmities of age creeping on them, and as though they had been left behind in life's march, when they feel the depression of loneliness, they will go out alone to the summit of some high hill overlooking the Missouri River, and sitting there in solitude, will often amuse themselves by recalling their noteworthy deeds of the past, and their companions of former days now long gone from them, and contrast all this with their present inactivity and loneliness.

Then they will sadly and quaveringly sing this "Song of the Old Wolf."



Boat Made By These Boys Of The Metlakatla, Alaska, School

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